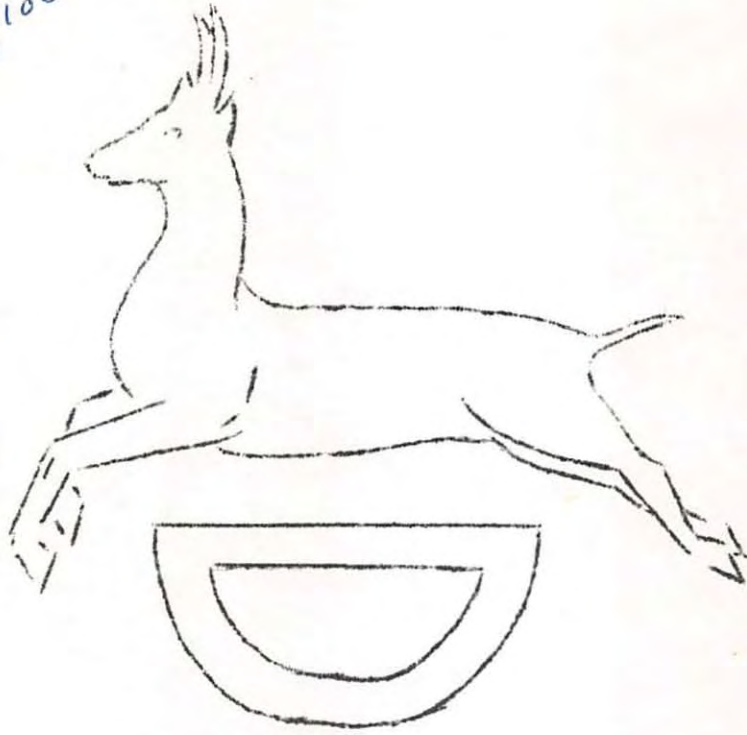


~~Comer~~
Tranghlu &
SSM. Dogioba



PEKONEΣANΣ EKOXATPON BÜLTENİ

Reconnaissance Squadron
The Royal Canadian Dragoons
Camp Maple Leaf
Nicosia, Cyprus

15 May 67

Greetings!

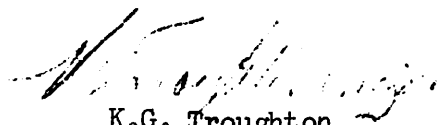
Here at last is the first edition of the squadron newsletter. We hope that it will serve its purpose in keeping you at home both informed and to some extent, entertained. We feel that you ought to know who's here and what we are doing. The newsletter staff and contributors have put quite a bit into it and merit our appreciation. We intend to publish one every few weeks and do hope you enjoy it.

It's been a busy first few weeks here. The main body wasn't on the ground long before all systems were "go" for a picturesque little village called Mari. The alert status assisted greatly in working out the "bugs" in the system. It was typical of the type of problem that could come up at a moment's notice and have us on our way "firstest with the mostest".

The more routine tasks of patrolling and escorting were developed very quickly and all troops have been through them at least once. We've had visitors from Canada, the Athens coup alert, recces in all directions and fortunately, a lot of good times and laughs to boot. This tour marks a mile-post in the Armoured Corps presence in Cyprus. The squadron has moved out of the homey old quarters at Fort Worthington on the Pedios River up to Camp Maple Leaf a few miles out of town. In spite of the few tears shed, the move went well and we're all satisfactorily settled-in, content for the moment. There's little doubt that we're still "on our own".

It's a bit of a strange job over here. As someone else put it - we have no enemies and yet few friends. We have our military tasks to carry out get little popular applause for doing them, but at least get the satisfaction of knowing that we do them well. The work can be at times frustrating but often rewarding. The tour has begun well, is continuing well and I'm sure will end that way. Time is going very quickly but with the initial rush about over, we'll attempt to make sure that time doesn't start to drag. Our training projects, leave programme and the normal course of activity will take care of that.

With the Regimental Birthday not too far ahead, I'd like to take this opportunity to wish all members and friends of the Regiment the very best. We're celebrating it here in local style. The Springbok banner will be most evident on May 24, and will remain in evidence throughout our tour.



K.G. Troughton
Major
Commanding Officer

- IDLE COMMENT -

Several days before embarkation to this sunny betroubled island, I was "fingered" by a majority of one (Quite literally), to have the dubious honor of collecting, collating, editing and distributing the squadron newsletter. In the Dragoon spirit I concentrated on the problem, made a detailed appreciation, but decided to suppress the idea for as long as possible before getting down and doing something concrete. The time has come, however, and I'll try to amuse you with a few idle comments.

Now that I consider it, this is probably the best approach. If we attempt to keep this letter as informal as possible, perhaps this is the best means of keeping everyone at home posted on the goings-on here on Aphrodite's Isle.

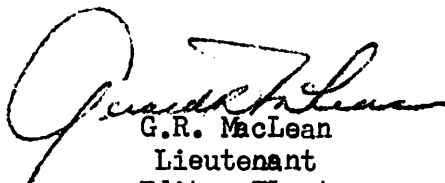
Things have been interesting since our arrival--and thats an understatement! When Capt Willy van Leeuwen arrived with the main body of the draft, he faced old Exercise "Rim Rock" all over again. Last fall, when Willy arrived in Gagetown with the fly-over troops from Germany, he found himself exercise-bound hours later in the depths of the training area. Little did he realize that the same sort of thing was to happen on his arrival in Cyprus. Immediately on arrival, the squadron was placed on thirty minutes notice to move. A trouble spot on the south coast of the island had erupted and the UNFICYP reserve force was placed on alert. Major Gord Kitchen and his "Garry" boys breathed a sigh of relief as they passed the reigns to Major Kev and his camp-followers. The Dragoons were anxious. Capt Bob Hart (Battle Capt) kept fingering his pistol in anticipation while Lt Dick Duchemin (Standby Officer) was frantically brushing up on the IAs for the .30 BMG under the skeptical eye of Troop Sgt Cliff Murray. The squadron remained on alert for two days, but we were not required to move.

The operational side remained exceptionally busy in the following weeks, particularly in view of the current political situation in Greece. Lt Bill Schneider and his "pathfinders" kept Sgt "Lang" Lanteigne and his recovery group busy as they searched Kyrenia District for possible bogging places, while the other troops sorted out convoy techniques and practiced standby drills until they became second nature.

On the administrative side, the pace was equally as hectic. No sooner had the squadron comfortably implanted itself in Fort Worthington than preparations for our move to Camp Maple Leaf were under way. Hard work and a little luck now finds us comfortably settled in the new camp, content for the moment.

To add to the excitement, the squadron was honored to have General Allard stop by for a short visit, and Col Wootton from Mobile Command who consented to stay with the squadron for a full week.

I guess I've rambled enough for this edition. but in passing I should like to say that I hope this letter and those forthcoming find you thinking of us now and again, as we do of you, our friends and families at home.


G.R. MacLean
Lieutenant
Editor Elect



A LIGHT LOOK AT OPERATIONS (7 APR 67 - 8 MAY 67)

by Capt RS Hart

The Squadron was on reduced notice to move (Immediate for Standby Troop and 30 minutes for the rest of the Squadron) as the main body stepped off the plane and the pace has not slackened much.

The MARI incident of 7 Apr was considered one of the worst outbreaks since 1964. The ZYYI Sqn (Eniskillen Dragoon Guards) coped with that situation, reinforced by the Danish Recce Tp, and from most reports from UNFICYP, we were close to going.

The MARI incident continued for two weeks and although we were on normal state of readiness, we were kept ready to go.

The overthrow of the Greek Government in Athens on 21 Apr brought tension as it was uncertain as to what effect it would have on the island. As a result, the squadron was on a higher degree of readiness without lessening the degree on notice - a familiar occurrence to the squadron. This continued until 1 May.

Things didn't slow down, however, for we moved from Fort Worthington to Camp Maple Leaf on 1 May and it took extra work to enable us to reach the comfortable standard that we had in Fort Worthington. Although there are many long range projects, we had our first "day off" on Saturday 6 May.

The troops have rotated thru all tasks - standby, convoy, support, area surveillance - and things are quickly falling into place.

Everyone is getting to know the district as we have had 31 long range patrols (longest one of 130 miles) and 9 short (under 25 miles) patrols. Over 20,000 miles have been put on the scout cars, while the squadron continues to average over 1700 miles per day. The convoys are starting to increase in size. In 118 convoys we have escorted approximately 4000 cars and 15000 people with the biggest convoy to date at 151 vehicles.

Two of our troops have already received names:- one as the "bog" troop, finally rolling a car to add variety; another as the convoy special, running down a motorcycle and pushing a car off the road. We have also found crops to be very expensive as it gets close to harvesting - and the Battalion Economics Officer has had bean and pea incidents to cope with.

One bad accident has occurred. The tail scout car in the fast packet didn't stop as quickly as the cars in front, resulting in a tail end collision. A minor accident occurred when a Turk Cyp motorcycle was playing around in the convoy and got "brushed". In retaliation, people have run into two of our vehicles and then requested compensation. Could the reason for their request be; "If the UN were not here, we wouldn't have had the accident?"

The training programme is in full swing. The troop officers have seen the Battalion OPS and the Contingency plans and troops will be starting to go thru both these starting 9 May. Exit Routes for both Fort Worthington and Camp Maple Leaf are well known and most entrance routes are being well recced.

The maintenance programme is in full swing and there are seldom more than two casualties in the bays, as well as two under major inspection. Parts are normally not a problem as Sgt Lanteigne scrounges the island for anything required. The suspension problem (leaking seals to broken parts) has been solved and a heavy hub assembly programme is in progress. The RET is also hard at it, as we continue with a recalibration of all the radio sets.

Our training in Canada proved itself as we handle each task given us. The only deficiency was the extreme weather training but everyone says that summer is coming soon. This year certainly is not the year for drought as it is still raining at least a couple of times a week.

Up to now, we have been kept extremely busy and we hope to see a bit more leisure to break the monotony.

WONDERFUL SHOW

by Sgt Earle Johnston

The busiest little troop in the world is here to stay'. What are the fellows doing?-----

- Tpr Hugh Burns, besides his operational task operating the switchboard/radio sets is also the squadron photographer, and is coming up with some pretty fair shots'.
- Cpl Ken Smith has been out with the radio van on three occasions to set up RRB for troops working on long range tasks. It is suspected that he and Tpr Bob Ross spend most of their time counting sheep.
- Cpl Gary Billingsly, our new RET, has been rather busy getting the radio sets checked and repaired.
- Cpl Paul Robidoux is presently taking seven days leave (which he doesn't deserve) Just kidding Paul'.
- Sgt Earle Johnston hit the limelight as he commanded the Quarter Guard for General Allard.
- Sig Bob Bond is a welcome addition to our "OPS" Staff.
- Our gallant troop leader Lt Gerry MacLean, hasn't been seen yet. He's the Squadron Adjutant too boot and is buried somewhere under mounds of paper.

All the fellows are planning on leave now; should have some interesting stories for you next time.



GEMS FROM FIRST TROOP

by Lt W.J. Schneider

Well "Hello" way up there in the Northland from all of us down here on the "Isle of Sun". We sll made it safe and sound.

When we stepped off the aircraft about one and one half months ago we were a bit confused. We didn't think anybody worked over here. Well we were set straight from that moment on. We packed our gear on the scout cars, as on our arrival, the Fort Garry Horse, were on immediate notice to move. Needless to say we were a welcome sight. The situation later calmed down and the troop took to their weekly task of convoy escort.

The scout cars are used to escort the Greek Cypriots through the Turkish Cypriot part of the island from Nicosia to Kyrenia, a distance of some 15 miles. The boys caught on with no problem and the week just flew by. Between the time the first convoy reached Kyrenia and the second convoy leaves, there is time for the troop to have a cool drink and do a bit of shopping and sightseeing. An enjoyable first week.

During our second week the troor was employed on, what we call "Support Troop" and we all had a chance, under the guidance of Sgt Lou Williams and Cpl Les Murphy, to do some much needed maintenance on the cars.

Next we were employed on "Area Surveillance" and this gave us lots of practice in the "deployment" of the tow cable. Tpr (You mean through there Sir?) McCarthy and Lt (Yes, I think we can get through it alright) Schneider found all the boggy mud holes in Kyrenia District. ("Rat Patrol Submerged" or better yet, "Shades of Gagetown") Thinking that the cars weren't getting dirty enough as it was, Tpr "Cal" Callander even went so far as to roll his car in the mud. Nasty break, that! It's also a bit hard on the .30 machine gun which is mounted on the top of the car. Well at least there's no guess work. When First Troop says the road is impossible, you better believe it!

As "Standby Troop" the fourth week we were called out on two practice alerts. We might just mention that First Troop made it out of the Fort in three minutes and ten seconds. THE RECORD!

Now that we've moved from our nice little home in Fort Worthington, to Camp Maple Leaf just outside of Nicosia, everyone has been pitching in and working hard to get the squadron lines in shape. There's sandbags to be filled, trenches to be dug etc., and after hours the boys have been fixing up the Men's Canteen. The quarters are long plaster buildings which sleep the troop very comfortably, with lots of space. They're much cleaner and easier to keep clean than Fort Worthington. The camp has good shower facilities and we are also expecting two swimming pools. The way the temperature is climbing every day now, we're all anxiously awaiting them.

We want to say goodbye to Sgt Ed Johnston who is now the Squadron Operations Sergeant and to Tpr Allen who left us to work in the Kitchen as a cook learner. Thanks for everything, fellas! At the same time we wish to extend an official heartywelcome to Sgt Williams and Tpr Pete Crowder, the newest members of First Troop.

To end this little blurb, we put to record some of our pet troop phrases: like

"We're even, Mac !"
"Heres mud in your eye,
- and in your boots,
- and on your car,
- and everywhere else you don't want it!"

"What good friend told you that all the rivers in Cyprus are dry?"

"Hoy Bod, there's an "O" Gp in two minutes!"

Well, bye for now from First Troop, be contacting you again when we are really "Settled in".

SECOND TROOP DIARY

By Lt HM Hirschfeld

As the huge RCAF Yukon taxied up to the apron at Nicosia Airport and came to a halt, the boys from Two Troop were "chomping at the bit" and were ready to burst forth and solve all the island's problems in a matter of days.

They didn't have long to wait, for before they could get off the aircraft they were placed on thirty minutes notice to move. A hot spot on the island had erupted and the Recce Sqn was alerted as part of the island reserve. The trouble quieted, however, and after two hectic days the boys started to settle in.

The handover from the "Garries" went really well so a hearty thanks goes out to Sgt Gus Sulis who helped make it possible.

The morale of the troop remained very high as was demonstrated when Tpr Jim Kelly put the finishing touches on the troop sign. The slogan, "Hermie and his Hermits", now decorates the entrance to our quarters, and second troop are now referred to as such by everyone.

The initial task of Second Troop was surveillance patrolling. The boys were keen, and very eager to show off their ability at left hand driving. Many a crew commander's nail marks can be seen around the top of the cockpit as a result of the first few hours. Amen!

The troop was broken down as follows for patrol purposes. Cpl Ron Graham and Tpr Jim Kelly made up the 'B' callsign, he was always closely followed by the 'D' callsign made up of Tpr Jim Watt and Tpr Rog Gervais. Then followed the almighty troop leader, Lt Herm Hirschfeld with his ever ready driver, Tpr "Smitty" Schmidt. He was closely followed by the 'C' callsign made up of Cpl John "Grease finger" Reeves and Tpr "Newf" Hulan. Last but not least, the overseer, Sgt Gus Sulis and his driver Tpr "Newly Wed" Meisner. This group attribute themselves the finest little troop in the sqn.

After initial maintenance pains, the troop was rolling on its first patrol. Communications were bad for the first few days because of poor working conditions, new voice procedure and defective radio sets. However, after many hours of labour by the radio mechanic and a review of VP by the crew commanders, the communications problems were solved.

In our patrolling the squadron is responsible for showing the flag in all of Kyrenia District. This was achieved by dividing the district into North and South patrol routes. There were specific locations which had to be visited each day, so each patrol plan had to be flexible enough to incorporate these locations.

The first few days we were on patrol the drivers were pretty cautious. The narrow roads and hectic driving habits of the locals were enough to dampen spirits of anyone. Sgt Gus Sulis and Cpl John Reeves have been seen riding on the spare tire as their drivers negotiated a sharp switch-backs on mountain roads. Confidence

gentlemen! Sgt Sulis seemed to age quickly as he twisted and turned his map trying to orient it, and finally in disgust gave it up in favour of "playing it by ear." He proved very successful at it.

As the troop moved thru the various phases of the squadron work we recall our days on patrol as being the best and look forward to our next turn.

Thats about it for this time.

THIRD TROOP

by Lt R.E. Duchemin

Many times throughout the often bitterly cold training period in Canada, third troop personnel often felt that our move to Cyprus was a long way off. It doesn't seem a very long time ago now that we were half frozen solid and contending with the problems of driving on ice and snow. We have now been here five weeks and have been through the full employment cycle for the first time. The time has gone very quickly thus far.

Our first week here, as standby troop was most hectic, but as the work load levels off and we become more familiar with our tasks everything comes much easier to us and our thoughts begin to drift towards idle afternoons spent on a beach soaking up the very warm sun and thinking of those at home who must still contend with snow and slush.

To date, time for recreation has been extremely limited, however, since the move to Camp Maple Leaf is now over, time off should now become a more frequent reality.

Operationally, three troop has had a very good month with one patrol being as long as 130 miles taking $9\frac{1}{2}$ hours to complete. This would be quite routine at home but over the Cyprus road system it becomes a long way. The scenery is absolutely breath-taking as the trees and grass have not yet turned brown from the heat leaving the view from the hills quite green as yet.

Maintenance on our Ferret Scout Cars is our biggest job and the cars are now becoming second nature to us. Due to an extremely hard working maintenance section, constant vigilance and gentle driving when possible, the cars have stood up very well. As yet we have had no major component failures in the troop (we're keeping our fingers crossed.)

Those are generally our impressions after the first month here. We are looking forward to the remainder of our tour with hopes that it goes as well as this past five weeks have gone.

The troop that dares to be known by this name alone:

THREE



FOUR AND FOREMOST

Lt D.W. Prosser

44	-	Lt	Prosser	"Sir"
		Tpr	Cann	"Bubbles"
44A	-	Sgt	Barkwell	"Billy"
		Tpr	Johnston	"Jon-Jon"
44B	-	Cpl	Stewart	"Stew"
		Tpr	Quinton	"Newf"
44C	-	Cpl	Bell	"Ding"
		Tpr	Merpaw	"Merps"
44D	-	Cpl	Bishop	"Bish"
		Tpr	Richardson LD	"Rich"

On the 8th day of April 4 Troop donned their blue "no shootum" caps and assumed their duties as UN Troops in Cyprus.

To date the troop has gone through all of the troop tasks. From the "I need more men to fill sandbags" week of adm support to "We have got them all stuck in the mud" week of area surveillance to "Push that civilian car off the road" week of convoy to "Surely we won't have a bug-out tonight" week of standby.

The troop has settled inwell in Cyprus, the only lasting problem being the difficulty we have had with keeping a mascot. To begin with "Jon-Jon" Johnston bought 2 budgie birds - but he forgot to tell the troop officer that they weren't tame and Cyprus is just too big an island to find two loose budgies. Next, Sgt Billy Barkwell caught a chameleon outside the troop quarters.. This pet was to be a lasting one - that is until it made the fatal mistake of going to sleep in Tpr Merpaw's bed. For some reason "Merps" has a hate against lizards sleeping with him.

Thanks to Cpls "Ding" Bell and "Bish" Bishop a new addition has been made to the troop. After many painstaking hours over the drawing board "Bish" provided a stencil of SNOOPY. This was all the urging "Ding" needed and for the next six days he did nothing but work with paints. He took two days to put Snoopy on the cars - one day to apply the finishing touches - and three days to clean the paint off himself and his uniform.

Tprs "Newf" Quinton and "Bubbles" Cann don't have too high an opinion of the local drivers on the island. They have each had a run in with highly exciteable motorists. Their scout cars have got the scars to prove it. Tpr Cann maintains that he is sure half of them got their drivers licence in a box of popcorn.

As this brief account of 4 Troop in Cyprus is being written, Cpl "Stew" Stewart and Tpr "Rich" Richardson are putting the run to an oversized vulture who has ~~taken~~ a liking to Cpl Stewart. "Hang on Cpl Stewart it will take more than one bird to fly away with you".

THE GOOD WORD FROM ADMINISTRATIVE TROOP

by Lt J.S. McClelland

Hello from the largest troop in the squadron. Well, here we sit in Camp Maple Leaf after having completed the handover of good old Fort Worthington to the Danish Contingent. The move was completed with a minimum of confusion thanks mostly to the efforts put forth by Sgt Dirk Werring and his happy band of furniture movers.

Our cooks have been giving us (as is expected) very fine meals and always piping hot, no matter what the hour of day. The only thing that has us worried is their attitude toward the defensive arrangements in old Worthington. Sgt Pat Nolan and company proved to be a very formidable force. (One thing though, fellows—have your weapons on standby, not egg turners). The cooks are now employed in Camp Maple Leaf showing the people here how Race Troops eat.

The Squadron Transport Section under Cpl "Guy" Dubreuil has put over 10,000 miles of Cypriot highways under their wheels. Tpr "John" Finnamore had our lone accident to date. Fortunately he hadn't reached his take off speed, so the person who hit him wasn't hurt and not too much damage was done to his car.

Maintenance Troop are turning into real veterans, and after having been here a month now claim to be the hardest working little group in the squadron. (If keeping cars on the road is any indication, there is not much room to doubt their claims). They are now in the middle of a "hub-adjustment programme" and are working a few nights each week to clean up the leftovers. (Hoping that if they catch up, they might get to take off on a few "swans"). The little British made Ferrets are not posing much of a problem to the boys, the only noticeable effect yet being Cfn Frank Lapointe's development of a British accent.

One sad note of the operation was the injury suffered by Cfn Remi Cagnon, who stuck a screwdriver in his eye. Remi was hospitalized for a couple of days, but is back at work now, good as new and using rubber screwdrivers.

Cpl Arnie Hoelke reports that the instructions he finds on all electrical equipment around here, is all Greek to him. The other day he got a good jolt while working on the theatre lights. He has now given up studying for his "tiffy" in favor of the Greek language, and is making some good progress in that direction. He can now read "ON" and "OFF" in Greek!

There is a rumour spreading that Lt Bill Schneider has a grudge against the RCEME group because they refused to change their call sign from 48 to 41E. Sgt Lanteigne refuses to do it, but promises Mr Schneider that he will try and find a "Do-it-yourself mud hole kit".

Cpl Roddie McNeil is tuning up his mandolin and road testing it to make sure it's ready to help celebrate the coming RCEME Birthday. Cfn Ed Peck is still roaming around smoking cigars, but Cfn Charlie Holmes wants him to write home to a certain Staff Sergeant and ask him for some advice on a less nauseating brand. Cfn Ken Brown is settling down behind his welder's torch after just having made it to the squadron on time for the hop to Cyprus.

On other sides of the house, Cpl George Ayres has become highly operational since having accompanied a number of troops on surveillance patrol, while Tpr Terry Brown has been capably handling mail flow. We also mustn't forget Tpr "Mac" McKay, the squadron sports stores man who doubles as a painter, carpenter and general damn fine handyman.

And from Squadron Stores comes the word that now that "M" Day has come and gone, they are hoping that the department will get back to normal. We can still hear Ssgt Don Beattie asking "Where did this massive assortment of spare equipment come from?" He is having a sale next week of Pots Boiling and left handed smoke grenade dischargers. Staff tells us that Tpr Leblanc and he are going "operational" since they were required to move a spare scout car from the Fort to CML, and that he hopes they didn't offend Cpl "Tex" Gardiner who is reported to be afraid he won't get his ribbon. Stores are expecting more help soon in the person of Tpr Ron Hill, better known as the "wildman" from Bible Hill.

Thats about it from administrative troop for this edition, will be keeping you posted in the future,

BLURBS FROM THE HEADSHED
(CLERICAL SECTION)

by Cpl Bruce Kempton
Tpr Tom Reid

Enough has been said about the move from Fort Worthington to Camp Maple Leaf. Needless to say we suffered the same frustrations everyone else did, plus running off umpteen forms for the Handover Board.

The pace has been rather hectic since our arrival at CML and has required a certain amount of night work on everyone's part. This news letter has added somewhat to our work load.

We have a very unique telephone system here. It is the only place on the island where you can place a call and speak to yourself on an adjacent phone.

Actually, we're becoming fairly well organized now, and have found time to pick up the following gems which we feel worthy of noting:

Capt van Leeuwen	"This is not a thoroughfare!. Use the back door to get to the Ops room."
Lt McClelland	"We would be solvent if people would pay for their damned holsters and desert boots. "
Cpl Kempton	"Brown, change the distribution on Routine Orders <u>again</u> . Now we need 35, better run off 40. Forget it, make 100 and give everyone a copy!"
Tpr Reid	"If I have to type out anymore (%\$#= <u>!!!</u>) news letters, I'm putting in for my press card."
WO2 Dzioba	"Where's my blankety-blank re-engagement bonus?"
Maj Troughton	"There's no hurry about this letter Cpl K, but I'd like to sign it next time I walk through."
Capt Hart	"Hey Boy, give me another black pen. Some (%\$#= <u>!!!</u>) lifted mine again."
Lt MacLean	"I've never seen so much paper work in my life; Guess I'll go swimming."
Sgt Werring	"Where is that Yoker, Finnamore? Guess I'll have to use a Yeep."
Sgt Johnston	"If we were disturbing your routine by using the Orderly Room for a workshop, all you had to do was mention it."
Tpr Brown	"For the hundredth time, there are no letters for you today."

LIFE IN THE OFFICERS' MESS

by Lt R.E. Duchemin

Once settled here on the island, it became very evident that the officers of the squadron would require the stamina of a herd of wild horses to keep pace with the frantic social life that normally occurs.

The advance party went through a frantic seven days social whirl, the object of which we believed was to meet every last person on the island. Three cocktail parties, two luncheons, two receptions and two informal parties seemed to keep us well occupied for the first seven days.

The next few weeks, aside from the impromptu parties that will sometimes happen, were spent recovering from the initial shock.

Our first real party effort was our farewell party to Irish Bridge House prior to our move to Camp Maple Leaf on the 30th of April.

The theme of the party was "Irish Wake" and an appropriate green punch (the contents of which even those who created it are still rather hazy about) was the foundation upon which the party grew.

An excellent steak barbecue was prepared by the staff, complete with the best of local wines---(?!)

All in all, those who attended seemed to enjoy themselves tremendously.

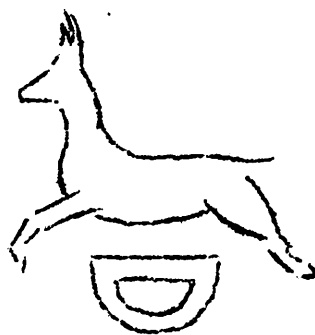
The day after the party, the move to Camp Maple Leaf was carried out and the Mess officially closed.

Although we miss the atmosphere of Irish Bridge House we're doing our best to carry on the Recce Squadron traditions as they have been established during the past three years. As the Recce influence engulfs the new Mess at Camp Maple Leaf, we are certain it will mean a remarkable change for the better.

Efforts are already being made to increase the cavalry atmosphere in our new surroundings, and after we have finished there will remain little doubt that the "Dragoons were here!"

The new mess is most comfortable and very large. We occupy the mess with some twenty or so other odd officers, who I might add made us most welcome on our arrival.

In closing, I might add, that ex-recce types who have become familiar with our dependable help in the persons of "George" and "Stan", will be happy to know that we have taken them along with us to our new home.



NOTES FROM THE SERGEANTS' MESS

by Sgt Gus Sulis

The Mess officially changed hands from outgoing Fort Garry Horse members to the RCD advance party on the fourth of April 1967. The last function hosted by the FGH members was a welcome for the advance party shortly after the plane touched down at Nicosia Airport. This short exercise gave us a chance to meet old friends, and marry up with our opposite numbers to get the low-down on the handover to follow within the coming week.

The first official function sponsored by the new management was a farewell party for the FGH members. This was enjoyed by all present. First light saw members of both units hanging onto the mahogany, and the melody of a number of popular songs were reported as being heard as far away as Kyrenia. Pat Nolan was at the helm of the barbecue pit for this occasion and all hands reported that the outcome of his endeavour was more than enjoyable.

Saturday, the 8th of April saw the main party members reach Fort Worthington. The planned reception went astray due to the quick handover, plus each troop having a practice "Bug Out" turn prior to the Garrys leaving. This was made up for later on in the evening with bags of news passed both ways between main and advance party members!

The period between the 8th and 17th of April saw a lot of good friends, both old and new, pass through our small haven. Some of these included members of 2 JOR of C, UN Civil Police, CANCON, Canadian High Commission, DANCON and others. Good tips on how to operate without going into the red were passed on by many of these people.

Fifteen-hundred hours on the 17th of April saw a very distinguished guest pay us a visit in the person of General Allard. A long cool drink and a very pleasant half hour was enjoyed by all.

The next large thrash was the evening we were host to Col Wootton and our squadron officers. This took the form of a Games Night cum Giant Barbecue; games being organized by Earle Johnston, and the eating end once again being handled by Pat Nolan. The head of the donkey presented to the winning Mess by Col Wootton (goes without saying) is on our wall. The other end is hanging in shame (covered with a silk handkerchief) in the Officers' Mess.

April 30th was a sad day for all members, when a "For Rent" sign was hung on the door of the Fort Worthington Mess and the last article of F&E was ushered out in preparation for the move to Camp Maple Leaf. It will take a bit of adjusting to get used to the large open spaces of our new Mess after becoming accustomed to the togetherness enjoyed at our "Little Shack in the Orange Trees".

On the other hand we have been more than made welcome at CML Sgts' Mess, a lot of good friends made and a large percentage of our visitors who patronized our Mess at The Fort plan to follow us to our new location. Our new location finds us in Bldg 193, Camp Maple Leaf, which is a quarters for eight cum recreation room. Most of the F&E from Fort Worthington found its way to this building and the efforts put forth by all members to make this spot as comfortable as possible is really making the old shack look up.

This just about takes us up to date, but watch for us in coming editions. In closing, I'm going to record a few remarks that have been overheard in the last few days

Ed Dzioba - "Give me three more men and this damn move will be completed by noon."

Don Beattie - "I'll have to take back your locker and replace it with an orange crate."

Earle Johnston - "I know who knocked down my aerial but I'll keep it to myself."

Lou Williams - "Sir, there is no place on this island where you can possibly bog a scout car!"

Gus Sulis - "If I could find the wrapping paper, this parcel could make today's plane."

Cliff Murray - "Not everyone can play cribbage; there's an art to it."

Bill Barkwell - "Gus, Where is the key to the cash box?"

Dirk Werring - "Yumping Yesus. the gobbler missed the hole by the Men's Mess!"

Pat Nolan - "It may take six months but I'll put 60 pounds on every one of you."

Lang Lanteigne - "I can't go on leave Sir; the squadron will fold up."

SOUNDS FROM THE MEN'S CANTEEN

by Cpl Pete Nolan

The swingiest little abode in all of Fort Worthington closed to the sound of a thousand tears dropping with a sad plunge into many a Danish beer.

The Green Line Club, for the last three years, was no doubt the hub of the squadron. Many the tales of good times and cheer, will be told, and many the trooper who will look back on that little house with fond memory.

The move out of the old Fort has now been completed, and new tales and memories are now finding a new spring from which to flow.

We have a new Club to renovate now, and it is a beehive of activity. All over Camp Maple Leaf the sounds of hammers and saws can be heard. Our thanks must go out to Cpl "Charlie" Childs and to Cpl "Tex" Gardiner; our chief carpenter and our chief board supplier, not to forget the many hands that have helped to make this little place the thing it has turned out to be.

The new club has become the great gathering place of all the clans. We have made a great many new friends and most of them seem to like our movies best. We are convinced it is not the movies, but simply the hospitality of the RCD that draws them to us. - We certainly enjoy their company.

This is all the news for now but we will be looking forward to passing on all the latest info in forthcoming letters.

- Back to renovations!



SPORTS

by Lt H.M. Hirschfeld
Sports Officer

The Squadron sports programme was put into motion the first week we were on the island.

The programme established, calls for maximum participation by all members of the Squadron. Squadron representative teams, (Volleyball and Softball) compete against American teams in one league, and inter-mess teams (Volleyball, Softball and Horse-shoes) compete in a Squadron league.

The Squadron volleyball team has had limited success against the Americans so far but Tpr "Mac" MacKay has informed me that "what the team lacks in skill, it makes up for in spirit". With a bit of luck, who knows, we may win a few.

The Squadron softball team under the able direction of Tpr Bob Hodgeson is coming along fine. Although the season will not start for another few weeks, the boys have been working out pretty hard and if the old saying "practise makes perfect", is true, they should be able to make a fair showing next month when the league starts.

The inter-mess league consist of nine volleyball teams. The officers provide one team, the sergeants one, the coporals two and the men five. Although the league has been hampered by operational and administrative commitments, the limited number of games played have been most enjoyable.

Due to the move to Camp Maple Leaf the inter-mess softball league has not yet started. It is anticipated, by the amount of interest expressed in the Squadron that this league will prove to be a very enjoyable and successful one.

It is hoped that there will be more to report on in the sports world by the time next news letter rolls around.

For all you "Montreal Canadian" fans all I can say for you is; "wait until next year" and "I told you so".

REGIMENTAL BIRTHDAY

The Recce Squadron is going all out in celebration of our Regimental Birthday, the highlight of the celebrations being a mounted marchpast to be reviewed by Lt Gen IAC Martola, the Force Commander.

To be incorporated into the plan will be the official opening of our Men's Canteen. The boys have really been working at it, and before long we should have the nicest bar on the island.

Among others invited are Brig MN Harbottle (Chief of Staff), Col WW Turner (Contingent Commander), His Excellency Thomas Wainman-Wood (The High Commissioner for Canada), Lt Col NA Robinson (CO 2 JOR of C) and Lt Col WD Little, (Canadian Military Adviser to the High Commissioner).

Our celebration will be held on 24 May and the Eighty-fourth Birthday of The Royal Canadian Dragoons will not go un-noticed in these parts.

- CLOSING COMMENTS -

That about brings this edition to a close. There is so much we would like to say that we are somewhat anxious to get the next letter to press.

In our next edition we will attempt to give you a complete outline of our operational tasks and responsibilities as well as a detailed picture of our administrative set-up and our accomodation here in Camp Maple Leaf.

Life on this island is far from disinteresting and by the time we publish again we should have seen most of what there is to see. We will reserve comment on island life until we feel qualified to pass an educated comment.

In closing, we want to bring to your attention the title of our little letter. £ .100 is offered to anyone who can intelligently translate its meaning. (For what it's worth - we couldn't think of an original title! --)

Until next.....

(This issue has been read and approved by Headquarters Canadian Contingent)